

- 1. MONSTERS BALL
- 2. IGNITER
- 3. THE CLEANSING
- 4. THE BUTCHER
- 5. GRAVEMAKER
- 6. THROWN AWAY
- 7. NEVER GO BACK
- 8. MARQUEE
- 9. BLOOD SOAKED HERO
- 10. DEAD MAN WALKING
- 11. FOR THE FIGHT
- 12. BLONDE GIRLS ALL LOOK THE SAME
- 13. SERPENTS OR DISCIPLES *BONUS TRACK

BUTCHER BABIES

Take It Like A Man



BUTCHER BABIES

Take It Like A Man

HEIDI SHEPHERD - VOCALS

CARLA HARVEY - VOCALS

HENRY FLURY - GUITAR

JASON KLEIN - BASS

CHRIS WARNER - DRUMS

Produced & Mixed & Mastered by
Logan Mader @ Darth Mader Studios

All songs written by Butcher Babies
with additional writers on Gravemaker,
Thrown Away, Dead Man Walking, = Logan Mader
Never Go Back = Logan Mader,
Johnny Andrews, Jussi Ilmari
For The Fight = Mitchell Marlow, Bekki Friesen

Management = Blasko at Mercenary Management
USA Booking = Justin Hirschman
at Artist Group International
International Booking = Dan Devita at TKO
Lawyer = Eric German
at Mitchell Silberberg & Knupp LLP
Photographs = DJ Imagery
Art Layout = Creative Online Music Art

MONSTERS BALL

Ladies and Gentlemen, children of all ages, step right up and get Your tickets to the greatest show on earth! Where you'll witness Death defying feats and acts of whisky guzzling debauchery... I wanna see you...So get the fuck up!

It's high noon when you step into the pit, It's a monsters ball and They're digging a ditch; for the sunburnt, the weary, the ones who Won't last in this cyclone of flesh, this cathartic mix When the broken limbs are leading the match it's the ringmaster's Itch we're ammassed to scratch With the crack of the whip the carnies rush in to devour the beast That beats on drums of flesh

Blistered, embattled you fall to submission To complete the mission you rally and rise 2-3-4 Slack-jawed and entranced you're torched by the sun You've caught the fever, the days just begun to burn...Ya!

No you can't stop moving! No you can't stop moving!
No you can't stop this Monsters Ball (this Monsters Ball)
Can't stop moving! No you can't stop moving!
No you can't stop this Monsters Ball

Hey you there in the neo-thrash prog math whatever metal shirt And cut off jeans trying to sneak away! Don't leave yet the best Part of the show is just about to begin...It's not over till the pretty Ladies scream... So get the fuck up!

Brothers in arms we shake our devil sticks together as we climb the Walls of jagged bones together As you float away on a bed of callused hands with the crest in sight Now it's time to go Over the edge, you take a decadent fall, behind the velvet rope you Join the men on stilts The juggler winks and tosses you a ball, before you know it you're Part of it all, Ya!

No you can't stop moving! No you can't stop moving!
No you can't stop this Monsters Ball (this Monsters Ball)
Can't stop moving! No you can't stop moving!
No you can't stop this Monsters Ball

We've never felt this free
When I'm stepping blindly
Cause we've never been so free
My Acrobatic Army

Can't stop moving! No you can't stop moving! No you can't stop!

IGNITER

Some days I bite my tongue right off
This rage is all I know
Saves me from being alone
I am an animal wounded by life
You want me to calm down but you gave me this knife

Now I'm at odds with myself and war with the rest and
Now it rips me it fucks me it tears me apart
Just one push and I will ignite
This coiled up anger on you
So be my guest

Stand down, it's my game and I say you'll burn out
Your time is on loan
Silence your bullshit, your voice I despise
Don't say another word, you hemorrhage lies

It rips me
I'm at odds with myself and at war with the rest
It fucks me
I'm at odds with myself and at war with the rest
It tears me apart
I'm at odds with myself and at war

I'm an apathetic monster controlled by my TV
With an itchy trigger finger
Cause this violence consumes me
I'm an apathetic monster controlled by my TV
With an itchy trigger finger
Cause this violence consumes me

THE CLEANSING

We're slowly twitching to the fire that burns but plays dead
Stand aside and watch us burn
Break down the walls we've made
Oh! Break! Down the walls we've made
Break!

Don't say anything cause anything could burn the flame out cold
The screaming voices in your head, just silent sounds ignored

And I'm telling you that this will be the last time

And I'll wash my hands of this
We built these walls
We built them for protection
Just to crumble to my feet
We built these walls
We built them for protection
In the end I'll be the one who's killing me
It's Killing me! It's Killing Me! It's Killing me!

Forget about that fire we lit, unmask that lifeless face
We've cooked and burned from limb to limb,
Trapped in this iron cage
A game for the fallen
A song for the sullen
Stand aside and watch us burn
Break all the walls we've made
Oh! Break! Down the walls we've made
Break down



CENTURY
MEDIA

THE BUTCHER

I pull my hair at night, motherfucker
My dreams they swallow me whole
And take me to faraway places, places that I'll never go
Where gangs of the faceless cry, so bloody eyeless red
They're chasing after me
And I'm swimming in a pool of the blood they shed

It's a fucked up time to be alive

It's a fucked up way to get clean
And the bloods not stopping
It's a fucked up thing to believe
But you better believe me

Shadows juxtaposed and raw,
Paradox has become the law
Destruction comes our way,
Everyone is lost not a one can be saved
Don't mourn the quiet ones as they die,
Laugh at the silencers
What will we learn when every human scream is heard?

Now I'm tasting every drop of blood that they bled for me
I'll be burning every inch of skin that they gave to me
Now I'm consuming every twisted truth that they fed to me
I'll be purging every fallacy they've injected in me

By the book of the butcher,
I was meant to bring it to her
With the knife held strong and steady
The silence was so deafening.
I could only hear Ed singing his praises
Of what he had made me

This violence is golden, a calming breath pre kill
Exhale as the knife cuts through the skin
Ed came to me to satisfy his dying wish



GRAVEMAKER

I am a grave maker you are all bleeding together
Your eyes, limbs, words
I can't be, I won't be your
A twisted pile of metal in my head
I'm tied to your fascist mold
I can't be, I won't be your god
You wanted a god? Well, Here's your god!
Now tear me apart, waste me! Rip out my heart
I can't be, I won't be your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your god

Bent over bleeding
And my skin is crawling with leeches
From slumming they're feeding off my name
Exiled from my mind to hide the faces inside

I'll drag you to hell with me
I'll drag you to hell
I'll drag you to hell
To Hell with me

I am a casualty stripped of my cage
Extracting each vein to fit in
I can't be, I won't be your
Scratched from behind your pulling my nerves
From inside to cover your sins
Tear off my skin, make me bleed
I can't be, I won't be your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your god
You wanted a god? Well, here's your god

"Therefore, brethren, I call upon you, through the
Compassions and mercies of God, to present your bodies
A sacrifice -- living, sanctified, acceptable to God
-- your intelligent, spiritual service"

I can't fix your human tragedy as I'm your victim
I can't be the leash you want me to be when I'm constricted
I won't be your god! I can't be your god! I won't be your
god! I'm not your fucking god!

THROWN AWAY

Somewhere out in space I've lost myself, I've been misplaced
Somehow thrown away
I've grown allergic to an image, fractured by an idea
My brain is full of rot and disease
I've been thrown away

Let's make believe that these walls could sing
They'd open up and they'd welcome me in
But in the end I'd know it's been a dream
Let's make believe that these shadows screamed
They'd reach out they'd hold on to me
But in the end I'd know it's been a dream

I walk these streets like a phantom limb
I should belong but I don't fit in
I feel I've been thrown away
I've tried to make myself better, tried every pill
I will burn everything when I feel threatened
I fear in empty space

Slow down, please don't throw me away
With each step towards regret I know I've done it to myself
Slow down, don't forget me
I've tried to push the blame but I've done it to myself

BUTCHER BABIES PROUDLY SPONSORED BY

Affliction Clothing
Best-Tronics
Darkglass Electronics
Dunlop
EBS Bass Amplifiers
EMG Pickups
Gibraltar
Gretsch
Ibanez Guitars
Line 6
Palmer Pro Audio
Peepshow Clothing
Randall Amplification
Schecter Guitars
Sennheiser USA



NEVER GO BACK

For the love of it give it up
For the love of it just stop
Would you say that we are even now
I won't save you like you want me to
To you won't break me like I need you to
For the love of it let's give it up

You can bring me down so low I think I'm dying
I'll never go back
You can lift me up so high I can't survive it

I swear I'll never go back I'll never go back
But I always go back to you
You are the one, you're my only weakness
The wrong that I keep repeating
I tell myself we're through, but I always go back to you
I'll never go back I'll never go back
Tell myself we're through
I am never free from you
I'll never go back I'll never go back

You're always my mistake, I'm helpless
Just one big mistake I make
But this is where I take my final bow
I can't fake it like you want me to
You can't fix me I'm broken in two
Just one big mistake I'm giving up

I'll never go back
I'll never go
Twist it in deeper
You're the only voice in my head
The world as my witness
I swear I'll never do it again
But I always go back to you

MARQUEE

Fembots meet in Hollywood colliding
With their carved out sides and their plastic smiles
Drugs don't work because they took them all
And now they're dry
The shuffle of the dimes who come by the dozen
To latch to the suits that give and take, exploit, control
And toxify their conducts, pacify their intellect
For the right price we can fake this all night

More for less, to pad their pocketbooks keep them smiling
Bleach their roots, till bright-eyed girls
Are all blown out pros

One and two and three is for the show
With looks to kill it's all they know
It's one and two and three is for the show
Self-absorbed they learned it from Monroe

To live and die in Hollywood's the dream
Sold herself to be a tabloid queen
To live and die in Hollywood's the dream
She sold herself to suffocate the scene

They will know me
They will love me
They will praise me
When they see my name in lights

Time moves fast but in Hollywood it flies,
You've gone past your prime, dying on the vine
The ones that fed you won't feed you now
Because you're dry
The retreat of the mimes that live on borrowed time
And cling to a trick that's bought and sold and getting old
You knew it would destruct, now your moments up
What a dirty end, Hollywood's revenge

Locked and Loaded
To see my name in lights
Locked and loaded
I'll see my name in lights

BLOOD SOAKED HERO

Rise! Do you feel alive
Fight back for your life
See yourself scraping the mold off a dead old man's face
Inside! The fear that we hide, the ending in sight
See yourself the face that reflects in the blade of a knife

Born to be a blood soaked hero
Raised to be a victim dying alone
Born to be an absolute sinner
Made in to a servant slave to a throne

I want to take this
I want to make this life
I want to take this
I want to make it mine

Pray! Cause it's judgment day
You've wasted away
See yourself down on your knee
While you try to forget your crimes
A Prison of light with scars on your eye
See yourself holding on like a thief in the night to your own life

It starts when you're young and your insides don't fit,
They stitch you back up and say just blend in
Then you get old and your retinas rip, you breathe in the dark
As they peel back your skin
And living your dreams means you can't pay your bills
And the worst thing of all were all terminally ill
Excuse me if I just don't seem like myself.
I'm still trying to deal back the cards I've been dealt
Ingesting this meat makes me sick to my core
So I force it back up till I'm flaccid and torn

I could wake up but I don't sleep
I could wake up but I just don't sleep

Live in fear
You are so blind when your looking
To the hands of time standing still
This circle of life to be the kill
See yourself so afraid of death every shadow's chasing you



DEAD MAN WALKING

Sorry to disappoint you
But you can't even grasp what I've been through
In the end, you've engraved this in my head
You taught me to be dead
Do you even know what you said
Remember when I closed my eyes and took my last breath
By the grasp of your hands clinched tight around my neck
So you made me this way, You created this mistake
You tried to put me away with every blow I would take
But I grew up now and I'm sorry to say.
I'm exactly like you
A fucking mistake

Sorry to humiliate you
But they have never felt dead like I do
Tore out my insides, left me to die
I crawled like a dog to save my own life
Sorry to disappoint you
But you can't even grasp what I've been through
They ate me alive they ate me alive
I curled up and died because they ate me alive

Where were you when I learned to take it like a man
Where were you when I learned to stand
Where were you when I learned to take it like a man

Dead man walking
Chipping at my soul and taking it in slow
He's dead man walking
Circles in my head I swear
Now I can say that I know what it's like to play dead
And I still see your twitching ghost
When I'm looking in the mirror
Do you see mine
We are one in the same, I swear
Now I can say that I know what it's like to play
Dead man walking

Sorry to repulse you
But you have never fought life like I do
Forgot how to cry, learned how to lie
I put you away to the back of my mind
Sorry to disgust you
But you can't even taste what I've been through
They ate me alive they ate me alive
I curled up and died cause they ate me alive

FOR THE FIGHT

Can you taste it, the sweat and suffering
We salivate for the kill
We will not ever quit, 10,000 marching boots in the pit
It's time to take off the masks,
Remove the knives from our back

We fight
They try to hold us down
They try to push us down
We won't let them
Fight
Rise from the Underground
We won't be pushed around
We won't let them
Break us
We won't let them
Break us

Can you feel the ground pulsing under you
Now we've unsettled the dust
We will not take your shit,
10,000 marching boots in the pit
It's time to take a stand cause they can't break us

We won't let them
We won't let them
We won't let them
Break us

We're taking control
And the only thing we know is that it isn't going to be pretty
We're taking control
And the only thing we know is we won't stop
They can't take us, break us, stand in our way
We're taking control
And the only thing we know is we won't stop

BLONDE GIRLS ALL LOOK THE SAME

She's such a slut
She'll get some rounds to the face
Don't think that you can take my place
I'd consider killing
I'd consider killing you, if I thought you were alive
On Fanuel Street
So you see, yeah I wanna kill you
So you see, yeah I'm gonna kill
You're such a cunt, You took a fucking wrong turn
There'll be a lesson to learn

Lie again, I dare you to
Open up your mouth and tell the truth
What's gonna be your famous last words
I'll give you that but, you don't fucking deserve Me Me
You don't deserve me

Show off you little bitch
It's just a circle of friends
Show off you little bitch
As I watch your pedestal burn

All dressed in white you turned it red
Piece by piece your clothes hit the floor
You make me sick
Did she like it rough? Did you fill it in her mouth?
From behind did her fucking five head shine?
Take it, Take it all you fucking slut

Lie again, I dare you to
Open up your mouth and tell the truth
What's gonna be your famous last words
I'll give you that but, you don't fucking deserve Me Me Me

You're such a mother fucker, everybody's gonna learn
Your god damn piece of shit cover is blown
You're such a mother fucker, everybody's gonna learn
Your god damn piece of shit cover is blown



FOLLOW US ON [f](#) [t](#) [i](#)
WWW.BUTCHERBABIESOFFICIAL.COM
FACEBOOK.COM/BUTCHERBABIESMUSIC





THANK YOU

Affliction Clothing, Alan Warner, Alex Lopez, Ann and Robin Mumper, Anthony "skum" Rodriguez, Anthony Paolercio, Ari Mihalopoulos, Arthur & Kori Pilkington, Bekki Friesen, Best-Tronics, Brad Bartosz & Best-Tronics, Brent Barnett, Bryan Vastano, Buono family, Century Media crew, Charles Harvey, Chase Brickenden, Chris Garza, Christian Cruz, Jay Bush, Coldcock Whiskey, Conner Garrity, Crabtree Family, Dan Devita, Dan Tsurif, Daniel Vega, Danny Wimmer, Darkglass Electronics, Darrell Smith & Line 6, Dave Aguilera, Dave Rod, Dawn Adams, Derek Bartlett & EMG Pickups, Devries Family, Don Robertson, Doug Harvey, Dunlop strings, E.R.K., EBS amplifiers, Eric German, Erik Tisinger, Gibraltar Hardware, Greg Coates, Gretsch Drums, Guy Murai, Harvey Family, Ibanez Guitars, Irwin Schaeffer, Jason Nosaj Richards, Jeff and Monica Flury and the Flury family, Jim Dunlop, Jimmy Samarco, Joe Penola, Joey Hernandez, John Banach and Family, John Reese, John Wedge Branom, Johnny Jones, Jon Cole, Josh & Tracey Wilbur, Josh Harvey, Klein family, Kristin Lee, Kriz Dk, Kyle Creek, Kyle Ward, Laura Desantis-Olsson, Line 6, Logan Mader, Mario Rubio, Mary Abassian, Mary Dunifer, Matt "Piggy D" Montgomery, Matt Hamilton, Matt Olivo & Randall Amplifiers, Meegs Rascon, Mercenary Management, Meredith Crabtree, Mikal Cox, Mike Mardariaga, Mike Milford, Mike Taft & Ibanez, Mitchell Marlow, Morgan Flury, Musical Distributors Group, Nichole Schrad, Nick Annis, Nick Diltz, Onama, Oscar Santiago, Palmer Pro Audio, Pam Warner, Paul De Maio, Peepshow Clothing, Ralf Bjurbo at EBS, Randall Amplification, Riegel Family, Rob Blasko, Rob Hilburger, Robert Kampf, Robin Takizawa, Ryan Ainsworth, Ryan Junior, Sally Claybaugh, Savage Shreds Clothing, Schecter Guitars, Scott Uchida, Sean McKinney, Sennheiser USA, Shepherd Family, Steve Joh, Steve Zing Grecco, Steven Ray, Strati Hovartos, Talena Rose, Tera Shepherd & Family, The Agency Group, Tim Moore at Sennheiser USA, TKO, Tommy Vext, Tony Martinez, Toonces, Vida Reibling, Warner Family, Xavier Miranda